

# BLIND-FOLDED

By EADLE  
ASHLEY  
WALCOTT

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## SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who, accompanied by Dudley, on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snaky eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to reveal it in one of no ordinary meaning. Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. He learns that there is a boy whom he is charged with securing and protecting. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself cheated in a room with Mother Horton who makes a confidant of him. He learns nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is a boy. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is struck by the beauty of Lucella, his daughter. The trip to Chinatown, Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrell. Dudley and Lucella are out from the rest of the party and imprisoned in a hallway behind an iron-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A hat comes flying and is knocked down, then begins firing. Tim Terrell is seen in the mob. A newly formed mob is checked by shots from Giles Dudley. Police Captain Carson breaks down the door with an axe and the couple is rescued. Lucella thanks Giles Dudley for saving her life. Knapp appears at the office with the trunk of the previous night's escape. Following the escape from Dudley has a notable day in the stock exchange, selling Crown Diamond and Bayview shares, the object being to crash Decker. Knapp's last rival, Dudley discovers that he has Lucella Knapp. Mother Horton tells Giles Dudley that "Max" discovered where the boy is. The mysterious and even more mysterious of Dudley meets him by appointment with "the boy" who is turned over to Dudley with his guards and they drive with him to the ferry boat to take a train out of the city. Dudley and his faithful guide convey "the boy" by train to the village of Livermore, as per the written instructions. The party is followed. Soon after the party is confronted in the hotel a special train arrives in Livermore. The "gang" including Darty Decker and Tim Terrell, lay siege to the hotel and endeavor to capture "the boy" who comes forward to see the light. "Fricked again," cries Tim Terrell, when he sees the stranger's face. "It's the wrong boy," Dudley and Terrell meet in a battle of man to man. Dudley is knocked unconscious by Terrell's assistant and awakes to find himself in a hotel room under care of his guards. The hotel is guarded by Terrell's men who are instructed to kill the first man who tries to escape. Dudley gives the note to the one-eyed man. The boy is left behind and Dudley and his remaining guards make their escape by horseback and by stealing a locomotive. Doddridge Knapp and Decker meet face to face on the stock exchange. Decker is defeated.

## CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Then the mine is yours?"  
"The directors will be."  
"But you were buying shares this morning."  
"A mere optical illusion, Wilton. I was in fact a seller, for I had shares to spare."  
"It was a very good imitation."  
"I don't wonder you were taken in, my boy. Decker was fooled to the tune of about \$1,000,000 this morning. I thought it was rather neat for a cleanup."  
I thought so, too, and the King of the Street smiled at my exclamations over his cleverness. But my congratulations were cut short as a small dark man pressed his way to the corner where we stood, and whispered in Doddridge Knapp's ear.  
"Was he sure?" asked the King of the Street.  
"Those were his exact words."  
"When was this?"  
"Not five minutes ago."  
"Run to Caswell's. Tell him to wait for me."  
The messenger darted off and we followed briskly. Caswell, I found, was an attorney, and we were led at once to the inner office.  
"Come in with me," said my employer. "I expect I shall need you, and it will save explanations."  
The lawyer was a tall, thin man, with chalky, expressionless features, but his eyes gave life to his face with their keen, almost brilliant, vision.  
"Decker's playing the joker," said the King of the Street. "I've beaten him in the market, but he's going to make a last play with the directors. There's a meeting called for 12:30. They are going to give him a two years' contract for milling, and they talk of declaring 20,000 shares of my stock invalid."  
"How many directors have you got?"  
"Two—Barber and myself. Decker thinks he has Barber."  
"Then you want an injunction?"  
"Yes."  
The lawyer looked at his watch.  
"The meeting it at 12:30. H'm. You'll have to hold them for half an hour—maybe an hour."  
"Make it half an hour," growled Doddridge Knapp. "Just remember that time is worth \$1,000 a second till that injunction is served."  
He went out without another word, and there was a commotion of clerks as we left.  
"How's your nerve, Wilton?" inquired the King of the Street calmly. "Are you ready for some hot work?"  
"Quite ready."  
"Have you a revolver about you?"  
"Yes."  
"Very good. I don't want you to kill any one; but it may come in handy as an evidence of your good intentions."

He led the way to California street below Sansome, where we climbed a flight of stairs and went down a hall to a glass door that bore the gilt and painted letters, "Omega Mining Co., J. D. Storey, Pres't."

"There's five minutes to spare," said my employer. "He may be alone."

A stout, florid man, with red side-whiskers and a general air of good living, sat by an over-shadowing desk in the handsome office, and looked sourly at us as we entered. He was not alone, for a young man could be seen in a side room that was lettered "Secretary's Office."

"Ah, Mr. Knapp," he said, bowing deferentially to the millionaire, and rubbing his fat red hands. "Can I do anything for you to-day?"

"I reckon so, Storey. Let me introduce you to Mr. Wilton, one of our coming directors."

I had an inward start at this information, and Mr. Storey regarded me unfavorably. We professed ourselves charmed to see each other.

"I suppose it was an oversight that you didn't send me a notice of the directors' meeting," said Doddridge Knapp.

Mr. Storey turned very red, and the King of the Street said in an undertone: "Just look that door, Wilton."

"It must have been sent by mail," stammered Storey. "Hi, there! young man, what are you doing?" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet as I

heard, and the knob was tried again. Then the door was shaken and picturesque comments were made on the dilatory president.

Doddridge Knapp looked grim, but serene, as he sat on the desk with his foot on the prostrate Storey. I breathed softly, and listened to the rising complaints from without.

There were thumps and kicks on the door, and at last a voice roared: "What are you waiting for? Break it in."

A crash followed, and the ground-glass upper section of the door fell in fragments.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," I said, as a man put his hand through the opening. "This revolver is loaded, and the first man to come through there will get a little cold lead in him."

There was a pause and then a storm of oaths.

"Get in there!" cried Decker's voice from the rear. "What are you afraid of?"

"He's got a gun."

"Well, get in, three or four of you at once. He can't shoot you all."

This spirited advice did not seem to find favor with the front-rank men, and the enemy retired for consultation. At last a messenger came forward.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want you to keep out."

"Who is he?" asked Decker's voice.

"There's another one there," cried another voice. "Why, it's Doddridge Knapp!"

Decker made use of some language not intended for publication, and there was whispering for a few minutes, followed by silence.

I looked at Doddridge Knapp, sitting grim and unmoved, counting the minutes till the injunction should come. Suddenly a man bounded through the broken upper section of the door, tossed by his companions, and I found myself in a grapple before I could raise my revolver.

We went down on the floor together, and I had a confused notion that the



J. SPRING FORWARD AND GRAPPLED MR. STOREY.

turned the key in the lock. "Open that door again!"

"No you don't, Storey," came the fierce growl from the throat of the Wolf. "Your game is up."

"The devil it is!" cried Storey, making dash past Doddridge Knapp and coming with a rush straight for me.

"Stop him!" roared my employer.

I sprang forward and grappled Mr. Storey, but I found him rather a large contract, for I had to favor my left arm. Then he suddenly turned limp and rolled to the floor, his head thumping noisily on a corner of the desk.

Doddridge Knapp coolly laid a hard rubber ruler down on the desk and I recognized the source of Mr. Storey's discomfort.

"I reckon he's safe for a bit," he growled. "Hullo, what's this?"

I noted a very pale young man in the doorway of the secretary's office, apparently doubtful whether he should attempt to raise an alarm or hide.

"You go back in your room and mind your own business, Dodson," said the King of the Street. "Go!" he growled fiercely, as the young man still hesitated. "You know I can make or break you."

The young man disappeared and I closed and locked the door on him.

"There they come," said I, as steps sounded in the hall.

"Stand by the door and keep them out," whispered my employer. "I'll see that Storey doesn't get up. Keep still now. Every minute we gain is worth \$10,000."

I took station by the door as the knob was tried. More steps were

heard, and the door was tried again. Then the door was shaken and picturesque comments were made on the dilatory president.

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We went down on the floor together, and I had a confused notion that the

door swung open and four or five others rushed into the room.

I squirmed free from my opponent and sprang to my feet in time to see the whole pack around Doddridge Knapp.

The King of the Street sat calm and forceful with a revolver in his hand, and all had halted, fearing to go farther.

"Don't come too close, gentlemen," growled the Wolf.

Then I saw one of the men raise a six-shooter to aim at the defiant figure that faced them. I gave a spring and with one blow laid the man on the floor. There was a flash of fire as he fell, and a deafening noise was in my ears. Men all about me were striking at me. I scarcely felt their blows as I warded them off and returned them, for I was half-mad with the desperate sense of conflict against odds. But at last I felt myself seized in an iron grip, and in a moment was seated beside Doddridge Knapp on the desk.

## CHAPTER XXVI. A Vision of the Night.

"You are a very imprudent person," said Lucella, smiling, yet with a most charming trace of anxiety under the smile.

"What have I been doing now?" I asked.

"That is what you are to tell me. Papa told us a little about your saving his life and his plans this morning, but he was so very short about it. Was this the arm that was hurt?"

I started to give a brief description of my morning's adventure, but there was something in my listener's face that called for detail after detail, and her eyes kindled as I told the tale of the battle that won Omega in the stock Board, and the fight that rescued the fruits of victory in the office of the company.

"There is something fine in it, after all," she said when I was through. "There is something left of the spirit of the old adventurers and the knights."

I took her hand, and she let it lie a moment before she drew it away.

"I think I am more than repaid," I said.

"Oh, yes," she said, changing her tone to one of complete indifference. "Papa said he made you a director."

"Yes, I said, taking my cue from her manner. 'I have the happiness to share the honor with three other dummies. Your father makes the fifth.'"

"How absurd!" laughed Lucella. "Do you want to provoke me?"

"Don't mind me, Henry," interrupted the voice of Mrs. Knapp.

"But I must," said I, giving her greeting. "What service do you require?"

"Tell me what you have been doing?"

"I have just been telling Miss Lucella."

"And what, may I ask?"

"I was explaining this morning's troubles."

"Oh, I heard a little of them from Mr. Knapp. Have you had any more of your adventures at Barton's and other dreadful places?"

I considered a moment, and then, as I could see no reason for keeping silent, I gave a somewhat abridged account of my Livermore trip, omitting reference to the strange vagaries of the Doddridge Knapp who traveled by night.

I had reason to be flattered by the attention of my audience. Both women leaned forward with wide-open eyes, and followed every word with eager interest.

"That was a dreadful danger you escaped," said Mrs. Knapp with a shudder. "I am thankful, indeed, to see you with us with no greater hurt."

Lucella said nothing, but the look she gave me set my heart dancing in a way that all Mrs. Knapp's praise could not.

"I do hope this dreadful business will end soon," said Mrs. Knapp. "Do you think this might be the last of it?"

"No," said I, remembering my note I had received from the Unknown on my return, "there's much more to be done."

"I hope you are ready for it," said Mrs. Knapp, with a troubled look upon her face.

"As ready as I ever shall be, I suppose," I replied. "If the guardian angel who has pulled me through this far will hold on to his job, I'll do my part."

Mrs. Knapp raised a melancholy smile, but it disappeared at once, and she seemed to muse in silence, with no very pleasant thought on her mind. Twice or thrice I thought she wished to speak to me, but if so she changed her mind.

"I wonder at you," said Lucella softly, as we stood alone for a moment.

"You have little cause."

"What you have done is much. You have conquered difficulties."

I looked in her calm eyes, and my soul came to the surface.

"I wish you might be proud of me," I said.

"I—I am proud of such a friend—except—" She hesitated.

"Always an 'except,'" I said half-bitterly.

"But you have promised to tell me—"

"Some day. As soon as I may."

Under her magnetic influence I should have told them had she urged me. And not until I was once more outside the house did I recall how impossible it was that could ever tell her.

"Here's some one to see you, sir," said Owens, as I reached the walk and joined the guards I had left to wait for me.

"Yes, sir, you're wanted at Mother Barton's in a hurry," said another voice, and a man stepped forward.

"There's the devil to pay!"

I recognized the one-eyed man who had done me the service that enabled me to escape from Livermore.

"Ah, Broderick, what's the matter?"

"I didn't get no orders, sir, so I don't know, but there was the devil's own shindy in the height of progression when I left. And Mother Barton says I was to come hot-foot for you and tell you to come with your men if ye valued your soul."

"Is she in danger?"

"I reckon the thought was heavy on her mind, for her face was white with the terror of it."

One of the men was sent to bring out such of my force as had returned, and I, with the two others, hurried on to Barton's.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Captured a Prize.

Rolls—"Mr. Allmoney is all smiles." Molly—"Yes. He has captured a griffin heroine." Rolls—"A griffin heroine?" Molly—"Yes; a college girl who really knows how to broil a beef-steak."—Judge.

## FATHER OF THE AUTO

BUILDER OF FIRST STEAM CARRIAGE IN AMERICA.

Oliver Evans Worked on Idea for Steam Propulsion in Boston as Early as 1773—Shop of Inventor Still Standing.

Boston.—A quaint building on St. James street, above Second, now numbered 214, is reputed to be the shop where Oliver Evans worked in the year 1795. Evans was one of the early inventors of which this country has furnished so many, and although he is principally recalled as the inventor of the first "steam carriage," or what we would now term an automobile, when he had his shop in the low-roofed building in Lowndes' or Elm's alley, the little lane now named St. James street, he was patronized as the man who could make mills which saved expense by giving 20 pounds more flour to the barrel than any other.

Although Evans was not a native of this city, he was a descendant of the first Episcopal minister of Philadelphia, Evan Evans. The latter died in the year 1728. Oliver was born in Newport, Del., in 1755, and his parents were in humble circumstances. Early he developed a genius for invention, and while he was still a very young man he designed a non-condensing engine, in which power was derived from the tension of high-pressure steam. This invention has been the foundation of a long race of steamboat and locomotive engines. The brothers of Oliver were millers, and the young man soon joined them in their business. While engaged with his brothers he made many inventions and in 1790 he applied for a patent for the application of the steam engine for driving



Reputed Shop of Oliver Evans in Boston.

mills, but is said to have been refused.

It is said that as early as the year 1773, when Oliver was only 18, he was occupied with the subject of steam propulsion, both by land as well as water. In these lines, however, he was outdistanced by others, but in his steam carriage, which he named the Orukter-Amphibolis, which first was put in operation in the year 1804, he was ahead of any person in this country in achieving steam propulsion by land. Evans, in an article in Poulson's Daily Advertiser some years later thus describes his first attempt to exhibit his steam carriage.

"In the year 1804 I constructed at Philadelphia a machine of my invention for cleaning docks—a heavy, flat mud-flat, with a steam engine of the power of five horses in it to work the machinery. And to show that both steam carriages and steamboats were practicable with my steam engines, I first put wheels to it and propelled it by the engine a mile and a half to the Schuylkill, although its weight was equal to that of 200 barrels of flour. I then fixed a paddlewheel at the stem, and propelled it by the engine down the Schuylkill and up the Delaware, 16 miles, leaving all the vessels that were under sail full half-way behind me, the wind being ahead."

Evans had the strongest belief in the efficacy of steam to propel carriages, and therefore ought to be regarded as the father of the automobile. He did not, however, foresee the terrific speed of which the modern motor car is capable, for he said that he believed that stages would one day be moved by steam at a speed of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, which modest prediction has been more than fulfilled.

While he occupied the little shop in St. James street Evans was following the business of manufacturing millstones. In 1797 we find him moved to what is now 232 South Second street, a little below St. James street, although the building so numbered is not the original structure. The alley next to it, early in the last century, was the entrance to the custom house, then located some distance back from the street. At the time Evans took his steam carriage to the Schuylkill and made his historic voyage on the Delaware his shop was at the corner of Vine street and Ridge road. Later Evans went to New York and died there in 1819.

## Busy Vermont Woman.

Mrs. A. B. Enright of East Concord, Vt., is county superintendent of schools and said to be one of the busiest women in the state. Besides her school work she performs all the duties that fall to the lot of the wife of a Methodist pastor of two large parishes.

## RAISED FROM SICK BED.

After All Hope Had Vanished.

Mrs. J. H. Bennett, 59 Fountain St., Gardiner, Me., says: "My back used to trouble me so severely that at last I had to give up. I took to my bed and stayed there four months, suffering intense pain, dizziness, headache and inflammation of the bladder. Though without hope, I began using Donnan's Kidney Pills, and in three months was completely cured. The trouble has never returned."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



"And did your uncle remember you in his will?"  
"Well, he remembered me, all right, but that was why he didn't mention me in it."

## SKIN TROUBLES CURED.

First Had Itching Rash—Threatened Later With Blood-Poison in Leg—Relied on Cuticura Remedies.

"About twelve or fifteen years ago I had a breaking-out, and it itched, and stung so badly that I could not have any peace because of it. Three doctors did not help me. Then I used some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent and began to get better right away. They cured me and I have not been bothered with the itching since, to amount to anything. About two years ago I had a gripe and pneumonia which left me with a pain in my side. Treatment ran it into my leg, which then swelled and began to break out. The doctor was afraid it would turn to blood-poison. I used his medicine but it did no good, then I used the Cuticura Remedies three times and cured the breaking-out on my leg. J. F. Hennen, Milan, Mo., May 13, 1907."

## Difficult Advice.

"In your campaign speeches," said the idealist, "and in your private conversation, too, you must tell people only the simple and direct truth."

"Do you know," returned the candidate thoughtfully, "I don't believe people would vote for a man who seemed as ill-natured as all that!"—Washington Star.

## Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams* in Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

## It Would Seem, So.

"Beauty is only skin deep," remarked the party with the quotation habit.

"And if some portraits of handsome women are accurate," rejoined the peevish person, "beauty is quite a distance outside the cuticle."

## Free—The New Cook's Book.

Write the Jaques Manufacturing Company, Chicago, to-day and get their beautiful cook's book, edited by Mrs. Hill. It will be sent absolutely free to any lady reader of this paper. See K. C. Baking Powder ad. in another part of this paper.

## Worse Than Labor.

He has the hardest work who has nothing to do.—Epictetus.

## RED CROSS BALL BLUE

Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

It's easy for a man to get in the swift class if he's on the down grade.

**Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna**  
Cleanses the System Effectually. Disperses Colds and Headaches due to Constipation. Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.  
Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.  
To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company  
**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.  
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. One size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.